

The background is a deep blue night sky filled with numerous small white stars. In the upper center, a constellation of seven stars is connected by thin white lines to form a crown shape. In the lower center, a dark silhouette of a person stands on a dark horizon line. The sky transitions to a warm orange glow just above the horizon. On the left side of the horizon, there are two small, dark, rounded shapes resembling trees or bushes. On the right side, there is one such shape.

“21”

Poems by
Tareek King

To the reader,

I never really cared much for poetry growing up. Sure, I could read a good poem and appreciate it for what it is, but even as someone who is appreciative of literary pieces of art, poetry just never really spoke to me directly. So you could imagine my surprise when I started playing with the idea of writing a poetry book. Originally, the poems I wrote were nothing more than a way for me to put my emotions on paper in a way that wasn't journaling, but as time went by, I found that I had a real passion for poetry and wanted to really push my boundaries as a writer. The poems you are about to read are the results of 6 months of doing just that. These poems are a mixture of personal experiences put into words, as well as a few ideas I wanted to experiment with. There was no specific theme in mind when making this book, I simply wanted to make something beautiful. However you choose to interpret my work is solely dependent on you and you only, because I believe art to be completely subjective. There is no reason that mine should be treated any differently.

Thank you for reading.

-T. King

“21”

Poems by Tareek King



“solitude”

Pitch black darkness fills the air
laying on the floor, your body almost lifeless
tears in your eyes, but none are flowing
a deafening silence hums slowly

5 days starving, but no desire to eat
your stomach like a flame that keeps on growing
too tired to move, so you lie in your pain
praying to God none of your scars are showing

you have no idea how long it's been
you barely have enough energy to care
all you want to do is drown in your sorrows
as your mind keeps wishing for death to be near

first hand or second wouldn't even matter
so long as your quiet suffering comes to an end
your mind takes you to a dark place of peace
where no longer would you need to pretend

the tears start flowing
as if a river with no ending
you don't want to go
but your pain is just too heavy

these 4 walls are suffocating
but even these are just stones
for there is no greater prison
than the prison made from your bones

“a field of tulips”

Her heart is like a field of tulips
pure and perfect from any angle
her presence like the warmest hug
on those cold days when you need it most

a heart like that is one in a thousand
a truly rare find, and a trophy to treasure
it makes sense that losing it drives you to turmoil
so you look for a replacement, anything that makes you
forget her

roses are stunning
a sight to behold
but something about it just doesn't feel right
perhaps roses are too bold

lillies are wonderful
pure and innocent in nature
they're certainly not roses
the contrast couldn't be any greater

But there lies the problem
you want that perfect median
the one that goes with you
so you can both walk hand in hand

perhaps orchids deserve a chance
they have everything you want
that perfect blend you've been searching for
or was it just the "perfection" you could find
given the obvious force of circumstance

but something just isn't right
that realization becomes abundantly clear
your mind wants it to be this one
but your heart is still trapped elsewhere
pulling away is hard, but it's the right thing to do
she gave you her heart, but you couldn't do it too

worse off than you were before
the pain of another is now on your hands
the shame of it drives you to isolation
and a sadness that's impossible to ignore
you have to move forward, even if it's all alone
it's hard to imagine that not too long ago
you had something that felt like home

What your future looks like
still leaves you quite clueless
perhaps one day you'll find love again
in that same field of tulips...

“at a crossroad”

Walking all alone
stuck at a crossroad
one path leads to frigid lands
the other promises a field of beauty

the choice seems obvious
on what path to take
the field of beauty of course
it couldn't possibly be a mistake

the view would be beautiful
and my soul would finally be at peace
but that same soul would shatter
if a time ever came where i had to leave

the frigid path would start painfully
but eventually i'd stop feeling
my wounds wouldn't hurt anymore
but they would never truly finish healing

still stuck at a crossroad
unable to decide where to go
my indecisiveness my biggest enemy
because i just want to find my way back home...



“12:21”

This should have been the time it worked
it was our final roll of the dice
i was older, less impulsive..i had everything i thought i
needed
now whenever i see that timestamp
it serves as a reminder
that it is indeed possible to fail the same person twice

12 had too much of a temper
21 didn't seem to care enough
2 sides of the same coin seemingly
1 side too cold
the other side too rough

there was a time where it was all yellow
a time when all was going so..so well
but 1 mistake led to another
and things went downhill faster than i could tell

good days became few and far between
to the point where a good week called for celebration
arguing was like second nature to us
we seemed to do it without any kind of hesitation

sometimes i think about a time before that
when we were doing it all so perfectly
a time when “i love you” didn't feel like a chore
because it would be met with so much uncertainty

a time when i had you, and you had me back
when going mere hours without each other
had us both on the verge of a panic attack
a time when phone calls lasted hours
but would feel like minutes
a time when love poured from us both
like a river with no end

the snap back to reality will always hurt
the pain reinventing itself every single time
it kills me to refer to you in the past tense
to have to admit to myself that you're no longer mine

your boundaries got crossed time after time
all for my selfish gain
now it's time for me to pay the price
i never knew the cost would have been a world of pain

a chance to put things right
there's no chance in hell
what you feel for me now i'll never know
not that i'd even want you to tell

staring into the mirror
all i can see are my mistakes
the man who couldn't be better
i turned 21 into 12 all over again...



“porcelain heart”

Some say it's a gift
others would call it a curse
for him it's a lot more confusing
trying to figure out which one makes it worse

his way with words is second to none
he knows just how to make any girl smile
his charming demeanor makes it all too easy
to sell them a dream of them walking down the aisle

to him it's all fun and games
disappearing after all is said and done
for them it's a different kind of pain
the thing they thought was special
was nothing more than a moment of fun

and so he moves on to another
same old tricks, same result
same old appealing to their every desire
before walking away, feeling no different
from when he started to indulge

on one hand it's a blessing
he does what he wants without having to feel
on the other hand it's a tad bit depressing
to know he may never have something he knows is real

regardless of that he is who he is
unable to love, but ignorant to pain
perhaps the world's most beautiful tragedy
his heart is made from porcelain



“vendetta”

V as in vendetta

a vendetta against my love
you'll never know what you did to me
so eternally i will hold a grudge

a shell of who i used to be
i walk around now “the man who once was”
the light i had before has faded
stoicism now lives where there was once glee

too afraid now to try with another
because what if they're even worse than you
but i'm robbing myself of the slightest hope
that i'll one day find a love that's pure and true

or maybe i just don't deserve it at all
the 1 in 8 billion who isn't worth loving
i'll never forgive you for what you've made me
the one who thinks he deserves nothing

because of you i can't feel a thing
not a thing besides resentment and pain
i used to dream of a field of tulips
now i dream of burning it to the ground
again and again

v as in vendetta

a vendetta against my love
you'll never care for what you did to me
my hatred for you will never..ever be enough...



"i look at the moon"

*I look at the moon
and i see beauty
a beauty that announces itself
and demands to be appreciated*

*i look at the moon
and i see elegance
smooth and demure
dainty and intricate*

*i look at the moon
and i see life
life in its purest form
breathing with peace and poise*

*i look at the moon
and i see love
a love that breathes
a love that heals*

*i can't stop myself from smiling
as i rest my eyes in the comfort of its view
i could spend a lifetime staring at the moon
because all i can see is you*



“slumber”

*The table is set
a lovely evening dinner for two
you can wear your most beautiful dress
the one that reminds me why i love you*

*milky white silk from your head to your feet
an ocean trail behind your feet as you walk
this night will be eternal for both you and i
we'll talk about our journey right from the start*

*truly one in a million
in a world of pennies you are my dime
i want so badly for our love to be eternal
transcending even the boundaries of time*

*my mind just can't let go
my doubts refuse to fade away
what if one day i'm not good enough for you
and my love isn't enough to make you stay*

*my charm is adored now
but will there come a time
where you see it as annoying
because you no longer desire to be mine*

*it didn't have to be like this
but these are the things we do for love
i'll join you in our eternal slumber
we'll lay here together until we're nothing but bones*

love i won't rush you
soon we'll have nothing but time
you don't know it right now
but there's something different about the taste of your wine

you don't have much longer now
i can start to see it in your pores
i've always known you're the love of my life
now i'll know for sure that i'm yours



“lavender poison”

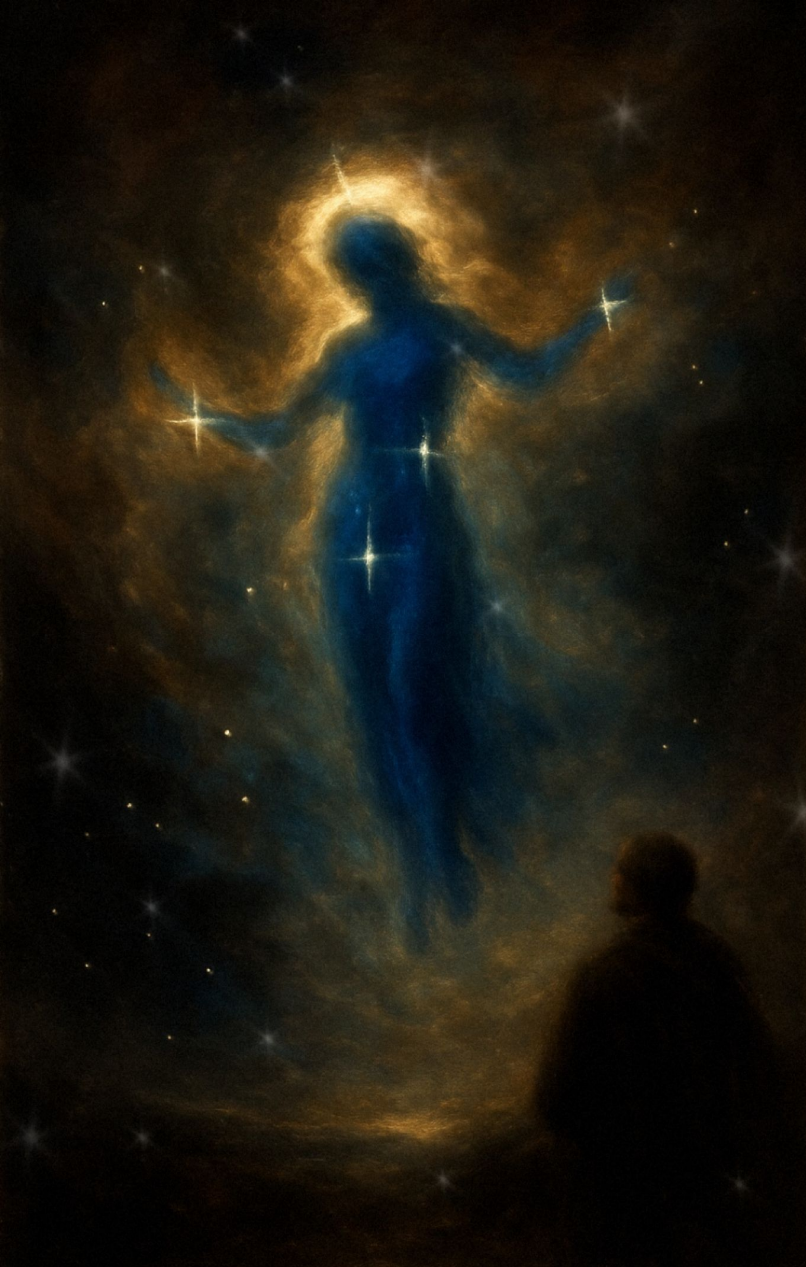
*It's so hard to explain
the things i feel for you
or perhaps i can
but doing so risks me losing you*

*so i'll stay in my delusion
hoping you'll stay this time
even if you don't my heart remains open
until you change your mind*

*i know how bad you are for me
frankly i'm just too shot down to care
i'll keep breathing in your lavender poison
for now i need it more than i need air*

*i'll try to walk away from time to time
but when you call i'll come crawling back
i hate how desperately i need you sometimes
the other times i wish you'd just want me back*

*but it's pointless to complain
i've abandoned all semblances of worth
if you just ask me nicely enough
i'll happily chase you to the end of the earth*



“darling”

To my dear darling,

*my love for you is a story that has to be told
there is no greater goal in this life of mine
than to love you until the days i grow old*

*my first thought when i wake
the very last before i sleep
how my heart beats for you defies all logic
there is no ocean on this earth
that runs nearly as deep*

*as the love i have for you
that much is indisputable
your heart is my most precious asset
and my love is one you'll eternally accrue*

*truly a sight to behold
verbalizing it is almost hopeless
your curves as beautiful as the curves of a river
you might just be mother nature's magnum opus*

*your voice is undeniably my favourite sound
your laugh a tune i'll never tire of hearing
your every word a beautiful symphony
levitating my soul into the clouds*

*your eyes are seas of beauty
the kind that almost refuse to be ignored
to be lost in them is a privilege in itself
for they're the hidden wonders of the world only i get to
explore*

*i pray night and day that this is infinite
that our love is that story that has no ending
what i feel for you can never be replicated
even a ring around your finger feel like lending*

*and if the world takes you away from me
it would have no choice but to take me too
i'd thank the heavens as i entered it's gates
for then i could truly say that i'm home with you*



“delirium”

Sometimes i wonder
if the ceiling ever stares back
when i'm staring into its neutrality
looking for your face

minutes can turn into hours
both are equally painful
the things i'd say to you if i could
never tire of running in my mind

why couldn't i be good enough for you
why is it that nothing i did could make you stay
what made you fill my heart with love and hope
and what made you decide to take it away

why did your eyes still look so beautiful
even when i no longer saw myself in them
why did you still say i love you
when you knew your heart didn't beat for me anymore

where did all your anger for me go
at least i could think you still felt something for me
when did you decide your time isn't something of
which i am deserving
when did these feelings even start to grow

was i destined to be good enough to love
but never good enough to be loved by you
did the man i used to be make redemption so
unreachable
so you could never ever see me as brand new

why does my suffering seem to bring you joy
why does my delirium bring you certainty
why did you suddenly see my soul feel nothing
why did you know i was no longer worthy

why
why
why
why
why

i suppose it's all hopeless now
so i'll cease from prying for your sympathy
but the pain you don't even know i feel for you
would turn even your numbness into pity

“1217”

Looking in the mirror now
nothing stares back
i see eyes and a face
but nothing resembling my soul

i can't see it anymore
but those eyes once had a light
a spark so bright it was almost blinding
now in its place an abyss of nothingness

people used to adore my smile
my voice could be heard from miles away
now when i smile there's nothing behind it
my vocal chords now only work a few times a day

when i spoke my friends used to laugh
i found humor from any kind of story
now whenever i open my mouth
my stories are all met with “i'm so sorry”

my hugs used to give people so much life
now all they seem to do is drain
my soul keeps searching for that elusive comfort
anything for a moment away from the pain

oh to be that boy again
ignorant to the pain of love that's lost
if i knew this was the price to be paid for wisdom
i wouldn't have bothered chasing it at all

for now i can't seem to trust a soul
i don't think i ever will again
because how do you surrender yourself to another
when anyone is capable of causing that same pain

so now i find myself wandering
no longer broken but a hundred miles from being
healed
i'll never get to be that man again
the one who was before 1217

so i'll say goodbye to the man who once was
i'm sorry i caused you all this hurt
i'll make it up to you one day, i promise
if it's the last thing i do before leaving the earth

no longer do i remember who i used to be
i've been destroyed almost completely by pain
i may not recognize who i was anymore
but i know that one day i'll find him again...



“bleed”

Humming a prayer to the moon
hoping i see you in the sky
my eyes bleeding crystals
while your eyes run dry

drifting alone among the stars
light years away from what i call home
remembering what we used to be
my eyes now open to what we weren't

i once missed who we were
back when i'd romanticize the past
when you treated my heart like it was stone
while i handled yours as if made of glass

i was as careful as could be
still i'd manage to leave many a scratch
every scratch for you was a crack for me
our punishments never did seem to match

and though a heart of stone cannot bleed
it can break, and not only did it break, it shattered
to a million pieces, most were found
but some of those pieces i'll never get back

i forgive it all as i recall it
the pain never familiar, reinventing itself every time
you didn't manage to make my heart bleed
even after what felt like a lifetime of trying

and even though you're no longer here
you'll still continue to be my muse
because i don't just write
i bleed on paper
And the words i bleed are because of you

drifting alone i may be still
my heart still shattered, but the pieces have come
back
i'll lay a dozen roses where our love used to be
for the love in my heart is one even you couldn't kill

so i'll forgive you for shattering my heart
because i couldn't be the one that you need
but that make me no less of a man
for a crown is still a crown even after it bleeds

-T.King

Thank you for reading